Like a Lucid Dream

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27753493.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Early in Canon, Smut, Shameless Smut, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Friends to Lovers, First Time, Seduction, Feelings Realization
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-28 Completed: 2020-11-29 Words: 5,859 Chapters: 2/2

Like a Lucid Dream

by LuciferaBlack

Summary

Will's nightmares have been about Dr. Lecter lately, so he decides to discuss the matter during their appointment. Things take a very unexpected turn, and Will finds himself on the receiving end of Dr. Lecter's obsessive eroticism.

Notes

I love Hannibal, and Hannigram. I've been reading Hannigram fics a lot lately and rewatching the show. I just wrote a crossover between The Blacklist and Hannibal, which included some cute Hannigram undertones. It was so fun, I wanted to do more. This is my first actual Hannigram fic. I hope you enjoy it. Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!

Disclaimer: I do not own Hannibal (TV) or the characters and I do not make a profit. This is strictly for fan entertainment purposes.

Chapter 1

Will was startled when Hannibal opened the door, despite expecting it to open. Will was always easily startled. He nervously looked up at Hannibal.

"Hello, Will. Please come in." Hannibal said calmly.

Will nodded sheepishly, then he got up and walked past Hannibal into the office. Hannibal caught the scent of Will's aftershave, which he always wanted to swap for something more elegant, yet it had become an endearing characteristic of Will's. Hannibal closed the door and smiled slightly as he looked at Will, who was already slumped in the client chair and looking agitated.

Will glanced at Hannibal as he sat down across from him, crossing his legs and looking impeccable in his three-piece suit. Not one hair was out of place. He was like some kind of classical statue, all male beauty and stoicism. Hannibal smiled and his warm brown eyes glinted as they stared at each other for a few moments, then Will embarrassedly looked away.

"What's on your mind, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"In a general sense? Or right this moment?" Will asked uncomfortably.

"Either." Hannibal said.

"Well, uh…My nightmares have taken a turn…" Will said.

Hannibal tilted his head and patiently waited for elaboration.

"They're…different lately, just the past few nights, really…Uh I don't know what they mean, Dr. Lecter." Will added.

"What is this 'turn'? How are they different?" Hannibal asked.

Will shifted in the leather chair.

"Look, I know this kind of thing happens and we're supposed to talk about it…So…my nightmares now include *you*." Will said, avoiding eye contact.

"Would you mind telling me what they're about?" Hannibal asked.

Will heaved a sigh in his usual exasperated manner, and Hannibal almost smirked. He could just imagine how uncomfortable this must be for poor Will.

"I don't want this to ruin things between us. You'll think I'm crazy. Actually, you most likely already do." Will said.

"I don't think you're crazy, Will." Hannibal said.

Will went silent and stared at the floor.

"In my dreams, you…*possess* me…" Will said.

"Possess you?" Hannibal asked, with his curiosity very much piqued.

"In every way imaginable…physically, sexually, psychologically…Like some kind of demon…like you own me…like we *become* each other. You're constantly…*inside* me, and I can't get away." Will admitted.

Hannibal noticed the way Will's cheeks flushed slightly.

"I see. Why do you think you are dreaming about me in this way?" Hannibal said quietly.

Will was intrigued by the softness of Hannibal's tone, so he finally made eye contact again.

"I don't know. I think I'm preoccupied with you somehow. We spend so much time together." Will said wryly.

"…What do I do in the nightmares, exactly?" Hannibal asked, not so much for therapeutic purposes, but for curiosity's sake.

Will chuckled nervously.

"Dr. Lecter, this makes me exceedingly uncomfortable." Will said humorously.

Will noticed that Hannibal put on his innocent, curious expression.

"You came here to discuss the nightmares. Wouldn't it help if you opened up to me?" Hannibal said persuasively.

Will shifted in his seat again, especially as he realized how that last part affected him in a very inappropriate way. His body threatened to respond to Dr. Lecter's suggestion of 'opening up' to him. Will cleared his throat.

"I suppose. Um…You…kiss me, stealing my breath until everything goes black. You reach into my chest and clutch my heart like you're doing a manual cardiac massage. You lay on top of me and melt *through* me to the bed. You catch me and stop me from walking away from you. Sometimes you pin me down on the floor and…enter me." Will said.

Hannibal let his mind see the vivid imagery Will was painting for him. It was exquisite. Hannibal realized Will was finished talking, so he had to find his voice to ask another typical therapist question.

"How do you feel when you wake up from these nightmares?" Hannibal asked.

"Scared." Will said timidly.

"Why do you feel scared, Will?" Hannibal asked.

“Because it feels like the nightmares are telling me something…” Will said.

Hannibal effortfully maintained his composure; was Will about to accuse him of crimes?

“They’re telling me I’m losing myself.” Will said.

Hannibal internally sighed with relief.

“You feel like you’re losing yourself to *me*? Or am I a metaphor for something else?” Hannibal asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe both. Like I said, we do spend a lot of time together.” Will said, bringing the humour back into the conversation.

“We do. I enjoy spending time with you, Will.” Hannibal said.

Will shyly glanced at him.

“I enjoy spending time with you, too, Dr. Lecter. It’s just that these nightmares are… unsettling, to say the least.” He said.

Hannibal nodded.

“Perhaps you are just curious about me, or you miss me when we’re not together.” Hannibal said.

Will almost visibly squirmed in his chair from embarrassment, and Hannibal thought it was adorable.

“Dreams, especially sexual ones, are often born out of wondering how someone is doing. They don’t need to be taken literally.” Hannibal said.

“That’s a relief.” Will laughed.

Hannibal laced his fingers together and calmly rested his hands in his lap; inwardly, however, he was feeling rather crestfallen.

“No offense to you, of course, Doctor, I just feel uncomfortable having sexual dreams about you on a nightly basis.” Will said.

“No offense taken.” Hannibal said, lying through his teeth.

“Thanks for listening to me. For *always* listening to me.” Will said.

“You’re very welcome.” Hannibal said.

Hannibal noticed that Will suddenly looked puzzled by something; his brow furrowed, one of the mannerisms Hannibal absolutely adored. Will sat forward, and rubbed his chin and jaw, rustling over his stubble. His blue eyes peered up at Hannibal from above his glasses.

“Dr. Lecter, I’m curious. Do you ever dream about me?—Since we spend so much time together, and you said it’s not literal.” Will said, hurriedly adding that last part to make the question more socially acceptable.

“Frequently.” Hannibal admitted.

Will leaned back in his chair, looking gobsmacked.

“Really?” Will asked.

“Yes.” Hannibal said.

“Can I ask…what they’re about?” Will said.

“I’ve already crossed enough professional boundaries for one day.” Hannibal said almost playfully.

“Oh come on. I opened up about mine. Besides, you’re not even officially my psychiatrist.” Will said.

Hannibal smiled, approving of Will’s rebelliousness and persistence.

“Very well. They happen to be very sexual in nature.” Hannibal said.

Will blushed and adjusted his glasses.

“Really. Uh…nightmares?” Will said.

Hannibal subtly shook his head.

“I wouldn’t call them nightmares.” Hannibal said.

“Really…” Will said again.

Hannibal chuckled amusedly.

“Yes, Will. Why do you find it so hard to believe?” Hannibal said.

“I dunno…So many reasons.” Will said feebly.

“Well, it’s true. Believe it.” Hannibal said, then he stood up and retrieved the decanter to pour them some wine.

Will stared at Hannibal’s profile as he poured wine into two glasses. His strong, trim, lean figure was perfect for the fancy suits he wore. He looked like he belonged on the cover of GQ magazine or something. Will began inadvertently recalling what Hannibal looked like naked in his nightmares. His mind had conjured up a fairly accurate representation, based on Hannibal’s figure underneath his form-fitting suit.

Hannibal stepped close to Will and gave him a glass of wine; Will adorably flinched when their fingers touched, and Hannibal felt pleased with himself.

"Can I ask what we *do*, in your dreams? I'm curious about how your mind portrays me, Dr. Lecter." Will said, regaining his composure; he then sipped the fragrant wine.

Hannibal sat down across from him again and crossed his legs.

"You're often submissive. Sometimes you're on your knees in front of me," Hannibal said, and Will nearly choked on the sip of wine, "Other times you lay back and let me do whatever I want to you."

Will felt his cheeks flush again, partly from the wine but mostly from the conversation.

"Oh…" Will said.

"I have a habit of biting your neck and chest…leaving marks on you. It must be one of my favourite things." Hannibal said matter-of-factly.

Will went to speak but his voice wasn't working. He cleared his throat.

"That's interesting. So, we both seem to think I'm submissive…That I'd let you dominate me. You find it pleasant, while I find it frightening." Will said of their dreams.

"Indeed. I find it very pleasant, Will. I tend to wake up in such a state of arousal, I need to satisfy myself before beginning the day." Hannibal said.

Hannibal smiled subtly as Will blinked, his long lashes fluttering over his blue oceanic eyes. He noticed that Will crossed his legs, perhaps in an attempt to hide his arousal.

"I…don't know how to respond to that." Will finally said.

"You don't have to respond to it. I just wanted to be open about these matters." Hannibal said.

"You, um…take your dreams literally, then? You…find them arousing?" Will asked curiously.

Hannibal tilted his head to think about it for a few moments.

"They can metaphorically represent my wondering about you and missing your company… But they can also represent a literal desire to have sex with you." Hannibal said.

Will felt like he might drop the wine glass, so he placed it on the small table by his chair.

"What do they represent, Doctor?" Will persisted; he needed to know.

"The metaphorical *and* the literal. I must confess that I would gladly 'possess' you in every way, as I do in your nightmares. I would find it thrilling to hold you down by the neck and fuck you into oblivion." Hannibal said, narrowing his eyes in a predatory manner.

Will was in disbelief that Dr. Lecter actually just said that. His grasp on reality was dubious lately, so this could all be part of a dream or hallucination. He stared in shock at Dr. Lecter,

who calmly sipped his wine.

"Uh…I'm sorry, but…Did you just say you wanted to fuck me into oblivion?" Will asked in a haze of confusion.

"I did. How does that make you feel?" Hannibal said with a slight smirk.

"Shocked, embarrassed…Warm…Confused." Will said, pushing his curly hair off his forehead.

"Anything else?" Hannibal asked hopefully.

There was a long pause.

"Excited." Will admitted.

Hannibal put his glass down on the small accent table near his chair, and he studied Will for some time.

"Just how excited does it make you, Will? Tell me." Hannibal said.

"…Very excited. I've never felt this way before, about a *man*." Will said.

"There's a first time for everything." Hannibal said.

Will realized that if he was going to do sexual things with a man, he'd want his first time to be with Dr. Lecter.

"And I'm not sure if I'd be comfortable with being held down by the neck. I might be a little submissive, compared to you, but I'm not into all that S & M stuff." Will said nervously.

Hannibal smirked in amusement.

"There is a wide range of that 'stuff'. We don't have to use whips and chains, and that sort of thing." Hannibal said.

Will noticed that Hannibal was talking as if this were going to happen. As if they were about to have sex.

"I'm feeling a little overwhelmed." Will said.

"That's understandable. I imagine that for you, with your empathy disorder, we are like two mirrors, bouncing the bright light of attraction back and forth. It would be distracting… overstimulating…" Hannibal said.

"Yeah, kind of. Um…can I think about it?" Will said, fidgeting with the arms of the chair.

"Of course. Please keep in mind that holding you down isn't my only fantasy about you. I would also love to go slow, discovering what you like, how your body responds to me…I

want to introduce you to mind-blowing, earth-shattering pleasure. I can last all night long." Hannibal said seductively.

Will felt a little faint; he realized he'd kind of forgotten to breathe while listening to Dr. Lecter.

"Uh…fuck…" Will muttered, then he had to adjust his trousers to accommodate his erection.

He watched Hannibal uncross his legs, revealing the impressive bulge, with his plaid trousers taut over it.

"I don't…I don't know what to do." Will said nervously.

"Your anxiety is coming from resisting, Will, not from the urges themselves. Try letting yourself freely desire me, just for a second." Hannibal said.

Will studied Hannibal's sleek fair hair, piercing yet warm brown eyes, striking cheekbones, and his full lips.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to shut it off after a second." Will admitted.

"There's no need to shut it off." Hannibal said.

Will sighed and after several moments, he clasped the arms of the chair in his sweaty hands.

"I can't believe what's about to come out of my mouth." Will said wryly.

"What is it?" Hannibal asked almost coyly, tilting his head off to the side.

"…I *want* you…*Hannibal*…" Will said breathily.

Hannibal smoothly stood up from the chair and stepped close in front of Will, who appeared to be a nervous wreck, trembling and flushed. Hannibal knelt between Will's legs, putting his hands on Will's thighs and gazing up at him.

"How would it feel to kiss me, Will?" Hannibal said temptingly.

"I…imagine it would probably feel good, but I don't know." Will said.

"Come closer. It's okay to kiss me." Hannibal said in a quiet, appeasing tone while his hands gently caressed Will's thighs; he was practically worshipping him.

Will slowly leaned forward until their mouths were about an inch apart. He chickened out and planted a timid, chaste kiss on Hannibal's cheek. Will was enticed by the feel of Hannibal's face against his lips. He pulled back after a moment to look at Hannibal's face, gauging his reaction. Hannibal appeared to be barely holding his composure; his eyes were glassy with emotion and dark with lust. To Hannibal, this shy, innocent kiss was the sweetest thing he'd ever experienced. It wrenched his heart. He was dually in awe of Will and resentful towards him for making him feel this way. Hannibal waited, feeling desperate for

another kiss, and Will finally obliged. Their lips met softly, and Hannibal had to stop himself from pulling Will onto the floor and ravishing him.

Will was so nervous, excited and sexually aroused, he felt shaky all over, including his insides. Hannibal had soft, full, kissable lips and he was patient, encouraging Will to press more firmly and turn it into a full kiss. Hannibal reached up and lightly held Will's adorably scruffy cheeks, then he gently probed the younger man's lips with his tongue, testing if he was ready to go further. Will opened his mouth, allowing Hannibal's tongue inside. They kissed passionately for several long moments, then Hannibal paused. Hannibal was thoroughly amused as Will sighed shakily and had to take his foggy glasses off. They'd steamed up the poor boy's glasses.

"How did that feel, Will?" Hannibal asked quietly.

"Amazing." Will breathed.

Will was surprised when Hannibal's brown eyes regarded him with more warmth and adoration than ever before. He flinched nervously as Hannibal's hand touched the centre of his chest, over his pounding heart. Instead of reaching in and pumping his heart like in the nightmares, Hannibal moved his hand lower, going over Will's belt to his very hard bulge.

"Oh god…" Will murmured.

Hannibal lustfully rubbed Will's erection, up and down along the soft fabric of his trousers. He tilted his head and studied Will's face, memorizing every nuance of his response.

"You haven't been touched in a long time." Hannibal noted.

"No…And never by a man…" Will said shyly.

"I'm honoured to be the first man to touch you like this." Hannibal said; he omitted the part where he demanded to be the first and *only* man to ever touch him like this.

Will felt Hannibal's hand press firmly against his erection, and he couldn't help moaning. He put his head back against the chair.

"Hannibal…" Will said in almost a whimper.

"My poor touch-starved boy." Hannibal said huskily as he undid Will's buckle. He then deftly unbuttoned his tan trousers and unzipped them, revealing Will's blue boxer shorts.

Will became more nervous again.

"Y-you don't look comfortable kneeling on the floor." Will said, stalling.

"Shh. I'm perfectly fine where I am." Hannibal said.

Will felt Hannibal's long fingers reach into his underwear and warmly grasp his hard, sensitive cock. He shivered slightly and Hannibal gently freed Will's erection from the confines of the fabric.

"You are…perfection…" Hannibal rumbled so quietly, it was barely audible; not to mention his accent came out thicker than usual.

Will blushed as Hannibal gazed ravenously at his manhood. Hannibal's large hand languorously pumped him.

"Do you like this?" Hannibal said quietly.

"*Yes*…" Will whispered.

Hannibal lowered his gaze from Will's beautiful face to his equally beautiful cock. He was thrilled to see some pre-cum forming. As Hannibal tightened his grip and tilted Will's cock down towards his mouth, the warm fluid leaked out and dripped down onto Hannibal's thumb. He bent forward and licked from his thumb, up over Will's tip, causing Will to moan and shudder. He tasted exquisite.

Will panted and squirmed as Hannibal lightly sucked on his tip to taste more of his fluid. He swore under his breath several times and closed his eyes tightly at the intense sensations. He suddenly felt Hannibal take him deep into his mouth. Will gasped.

"Oh my—*god*…Ohhh fuck…" Will said breathily.

Hannibal was ecstatic. He could hardly wait to get Will naked and show him everything he wanted to do to him, but he used every ounce of self-restraint to hold off. He knew Will would be completely overwhelmed and he would possibly scare him off, so it was best to start with something like this. Hannibal's own cock twitched at the sound of Will's moaning. Will was being shy, trying to stay quiet, not touching Hannibal. He was so cute when he was shy. On the other hand, Hannibal kind of wished Will would grab a fistful of his hair and get rough. He quickened his pace and tightened his lips around Will, which made the younger man tremble and try to catch his breath.

"I'm…gonna…" Will said weakly; he figured he should warn Hannibal that he was about to come in his mouth, but Hannibal hungrily continued moving over his cock, sucking and even deep-throating him a few times.

Will clutched the arms of the chair, then he groaned as the intense pleasure washed over him. Hannibal was in ecstasy from the taste of Will's semen, the way it forcefully spurted into his mouth repeatedly, and the sound of his blissful moans between heavy breaths. He swallowed every last drop and sucked him, craving more. The moment Will recovered from his orgasm, he began blushing. He couldn't believe he just came in Hannibal's mouth. He tried to wrap his mind around what happened, and whether they'd be able to look each other in the eye, let alone continue being friends, colleagues and unofficial client-and-therapist. He shivered when Hannibal took him out of his mouth. The older man lovingly put him back in his underwear, then he stood before him. Will nervously sank down in the chair as he looked up at Hannibal.

"There's no need to be shy, Will." Hannibal said softly.

"…Everything will be awkward now. I don't want to ruin things—" Will said.

Hannibal bent over him and petted the side of his head, then he kissed his forehead.

“You won’t ruin anything.” Hannibal said.

Will took a breath and sniffled emotionally, so Hannibal looked into his tearful eyes.

“I’m not so sure.” Will said. He was confused, shocked, overwhelmed, happy yet ashamed, he had no idea what he was doing. How could he possibly *not* ruin things between them?

“My dear boy. I don’t think you should be alone tonight. You’ve had quite the unexpected experience, haven’t you? It has shaken you.” Hannibal said, caressing Will’s cheek.

“You want me to stay overnight?” Will asked in surprise.

“I won’t take no for an answer. Come with me.” Hannibal said, standing upright again.

Once again, Will timidly shrank away from his dominant stance at first, but then he stood up and followed him.

(To Be Continued…)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will heard his own belt clinking as he walked behind Dr. Lecter; his belt was undone and so were his trousers, for that matter. He embarrassedly held them together, feeling kind of dirty because of what had transpired. Even if Dr. Lecter wasn't officially his psychiatrist, it was still so inappropriate to receive a blowjob from him during an appointment. Will was shocked by how easily he gave himself up to the older man. He hadn't even realized he was attracted to him until the other night, when his nightmares gave him an erection. Will didn't seem to have the ability to resist Hannibal Lecter. They reached the master bedroom, and Will shyly glanced at Hannibal before stepping inside the room. When he turned back to look, Hannibal locked the door and then leaned back against it. Will felt slightly scared about being trapped in the room with the unbelievably seductive psychiatrist, but it also thrilled him.

"Um…I feel like…" Will began nervously.

Hannibal smoothly slipped out of his expensive suit jacket, then he looked at Will because he was still paused. The younger man was staring at him.

"What do you feel like, Will?" Hannibal probed.

"Like I should…return the favour…" Will said.

"Out of obligation? You needn't worry about that." Hannibal said, now removing his waistcoat.

"I *want* to…but I don't really know what I'm doing, in that regard." Will said wryly.

Will was practically salivating as Hannibal undid his belt buckle.

"How about you just relax for now, and get into bed." Hannibal said.

"…Okay…" Will said dazedly as he watched Hannibal slip his shoes and trousers off.

Hannibal thoroughly enjoyed the awestruck, lustful look Will was giving him. Will's gorgeous blue eyes slowly moved down with each opened button of Hannibal's shirt, then they curiously feasted on his bare torso.

"Should I leave my underwear on, Will?" Hannibal asked, taking his socks off.

"Uh, well, it's up to you…" Will said, flustered by the question.

"Alright." Hannibal said, then he quickly removed his boxer briefs.

Will couldn't help staring at Hannibal's impressive manhood. He'd never been so attracted to a man before; the sight sent warmth and yearning through his body, allowing him to start

becoming hard again. Will was stunned by Hannibal's beauty and magnetism. He watched the older man's muscular arm lift up as he ran his fingers through his hair, loosening the locks from their combed perfection.

"Are you going to take your clothes off, too?" Hannibal asked.

"Do you want me to?" Will asked.

"I would enjoy it immensely." Hannibal said.

Will silently obeyed Hannibal's wishes and undressed until he was naked. He glanced at the bed.

"Which side do you normally like to be on?" Will asked.

Hannibal grinned amusedly.

"That sounds like a loaded question. I like to be in the middle. And I hope you'll be in the middle, too…either beneath me or on top of me." Hannibal said.

Will swallowed nervously and tried to figure out what to say, but Hannibal spoke again.

"Let's start with laying down, shall we?" Hannibal suggested.

"Okay." Will said, relieved he didn't have to make that choice yet.

Hannibal got into bed first, and Will enjoyed seeing his toned but rounded ass. Will got into bed and laid on his side so they were in the middle, facing each other. Hannibal smiled and lightly swiped Will's curly hair away from his forehead, although it sprang right back. Will smirked and chuckled quietly.

"Sorry, this is just kind of…um…I'm nervous." Will said.

Hannibal caressed his cheek and drew closer.

"There's nothing to be nervous about. We've already discussed our dreams and desires to a certain extent. And I've already pleasured you with my mouth…" Hannibal said, with his tone becoming more lustful and erotic.

Will blushed subtly.

"You came so beautifully…I love your taste. You can do no wrong, in my eyes. Just relax and enjoy the ride. Do whatever feels good." Hannibal said breathily.

Hannibal felt extremely conflicted; he had the urge to push Will onto his front, pin him down and take him, but he also wanted to slowly worship him with his hands, mouth and body.

Will timidly put his hand on Hannibal's chest, splaying his fingers through the coarse chest hair and pressing to feel his heartbeat. Yet again, Hannibal was overwhelmed by Will's sweet, curious manner; it seemed everything was new to Will, and it actually was, because he'd

never had such intimacy with a man before. Hannibal was pleasantly surprised when Will kissed him. Their lips met softly, then Will was reminded of how strongly he craved Hannibal, so he pushed their mouths more firmly together. Hannibal opened his mouth, welcoming Will's probing tongue. They breathed heavier as their kissing became passionate, urgent, hungry.

"Ohh…Hannibal…" Will moaned breathily.

He heard Hannibal moan quietly in response. Will caressed the older man's prominent cheekbone, then ran fingers through his soft blondish hair. Hannibal Lecter had an ethereal handsomeness that Will was enchanted by; no wonder he dreamt about the doctor. He was a dreamlike creature. But then Will was brought back to reality when Hannibal got on top of him; he remembered that the sublime psychiatrist was very much a warm-blooded human male. Speaking of warm-blooded, Will gasped when he felt Hannibal's hot erection rub against his own as he was caged between his muscular arms.

"Do you like this, Will? Am I playing into your dark fantasies of submitting to me?" Hannibal said seductively.

"Very much." Was all Will could manage to say.

Hannibal smirked mischievously and moved down; Will felt his warm mouth on his neck, and he sighed with pleasure. Hannibal's tongue tickled him and gave him goosebumps, then his lips touched his ear.

"I seem to have an oral fixation…You bring it out in me." Hannibal said in his ear.

"Oh…" Will responded softly.

Hannibal resumed his exploration of Will's body, traversing his beautiful toned chest with his lips and tongue. He lightly grazed Will's skin with his teeth for a moment, then he trailed kisses down his abs before grasping his erection and swirling his tongue over the tip. Will groaned sweetly, driving Hannibal wild. Hannibal coaxed Will's legs apart, then he gently fondled his sac while lapping at the pre-cum he was eliciting. Hannibal moved his middle fingertip down past Will's sac and pressed his perineum.

Will clutched the bedding as Hannibal intensified his pleasure; the gentle suckling plus the firm nudging of that erogenous spot drove him crazy.

"Mmm…It feels so good…" Will moaned, almost purring.

The sound of Will's pleasure was almost Hannibal's undoing. A few moments later, he got on top of Will again and looked into his eyes.

"You have no idea how much I'm fighting to keep the beast at bay. I want to bite you, leave bruises all over you, taste your blood…I want to fuck you hard, and make you come all over me…I want to own you, break you, put you back together…" Hannibal said intensely while continuing to rub together.

Hannibal was losing control; Will Graham was his weakness.

Will had never been more overwhelmed—or aroused—in his entire life. He trembled and closed his eyes.

"Have I frightened you?" Hannibal asked, reining the beast in.

"Yes…but I love it." Will said shakily.

Will saw Hannibal's brown eyes darken and blaze with lust.

"I want you to do those things to me, but can you do them…gently?" Will said.

"I'll do anything for you, Will." Hannibal said earnestly.

Will got a rush from being able to render the usually composed, controlled doctor a desperate man. He felt powerful. He raised his arms and draped them over the pillow, giving Hannibal a coy look.

"You can leave one mark on me…somewhere nobody will see." Will said.

Hannibal seemed to take this as a challenge to find a good spot. He smirked and briefly scanned Will's chest, then Will suddenly found himself on his front after Hannibal strongly rolled him over. Will cried out in surprise, pain and pleasure as Hannibal's sharp teeth sank into his butt cheek. That was definitely going to leave a mark. Good thing he wasn't planning on showing his ass to anyone, other than Hannibal.

Hannibal had difficulty stopping before he really hurt Will, but he managed to pause and look at his handiwork. There were clearly defined red and purple teeth marks decorating the fair skin on Will's butt cheek.

Will was startled when Hannibal got on top of his back, putting sufficient weight on him to make him feel overpowered by the older man. He gasped nervously when he felt Hannibal's tip push between his butt cheeks.

"Don't worry, I'll get you ready for me, my dear boy." Hannibal soothed.

Will closed his eyes and breathed heavily as Hannibal deftly nudged his perineum with the head of his cock. Will kept getting more aroused and more desperate to feel Hannibal inside him. They were gently rocking together, and Will's erection was sliding against the silky sheets.

"Hannibal…I want more." Will finally said.

"Then I'll give it to you." Hannibal said indulgently; he moved off of Will to retrieve some lube from the nightstand.

Will turned to look over his shoulder at Hannibal, and he saw a copious amount of lube being poured out into Hannibal's hand. He then heard the wet sounds as Hannibal slicked it over his cock.

“Should I…stay in this position?” Will asked.

“Oh yes, Will. I think you’ll enjoy it. Now, this is going to feel very cold for a few moments.” Hannibal said.

Will was strangely reminded of the fact that Hannibal was a doctor; something about his tone and the cold lubed finger probing his anus. Despite Hannibal’s clinical demeanour in that moment, Will found the experience arousing. After all, the doctor was lubing him up before fucking his brains out. He felt his finger slip inside.

Hannibal felt Will’s strong inner muscles repeatedly tense on his finger, then the spasms slowed down a little.

“Excellent, you’re already learning to relax. Clever boy.” Hannibal said admiringly.

Will felt another finger gently, gradually slip inside him.

“Mm…Call me that again.” Will said.

“You’re my clever boy, aren’t you Will? Such a good boy.” Hannibal said.

Will whimpered and his cock twitched against the bed.

“I think one more finger should do…” Hannibal said, then he carefully inserted a third digit.

Will was turned on by the thought of soon having Hannibal’s perfect cock inside him. He moaned as the older man moved his fingers in and out, gliding, mimicking what he was about to do with a different body part.

“Do you feel ready, Will?” Hannibal asked.

“*Yes*.” Will said.

Hannibal could hardly wait, so he very gently withdrew his fingers from Will and got on top of his back again. He positioned his tip against Will’s tight hole and slowly pressed forward.

“Fuck…*Hannibal*…Christ…” Will said when he was able to get a breath; Hannibal felt enormous as he went much deeper than his fingers did.

“Is it okay?” Hannibal asked quietly.

“Yeah, just be gentle with me please, at least at the start.” Will said, tensing up a little.

Will felt Hannibal’s soft lips press a kiss on his shoulder.

“I’ll be gentle.” Hannibal said, with his accent thick.

“I wanna make you come, though.” Will added.

“Oh, you will.” Hannibal responded in a low voice, and Will shivered slightly.

Will breathed shakily as Hannibal slowly pulled back and pushed in again. The sensation wasn't unpleasant, but it wasn't really sexual either. Not until—

"*Oh* fuck." Will said; he felt an unnerving tingle of pleasure from the pressure on his prostate.

Hannibal smirked subtly.

"That's a good boy." Hannibal said smugly.

Hannibal gradually quickened the pace, thrusting steadily and allowing himself to get lost in the pleasure of Will tightly pumping his cock. Will grabbed onto the headboard and tilted his butt up; he craved more continuous stimulation. Just then, Hannibal lifted Will's hips up so that Will's lower half was higher. Will put his face into the pillow and groaned loudly as he felt Hannibal's slippery hand reach around and grasp his cock. After bringing Will to the brink, Hannibal took his hand away and leaned back so he could thrust rapidly.

Will was shaking, sweating and panting. He couldn't take any more; he reached down and frantically jerked off while Hannibal roughly fucked him. He felt the pleasure build higher than ever before, and when he finally found his release, it was deep and all-consuming. Will moaned breathlessly as he came, spurting repeatedly onto the bed and pillow beneath him. Hannibal was so gratified by Will's orgasm, he immediately followed. He reached the mind-blowing ecstasy he expected to feel when he finally fucked Will Graham. Hannibal groaned loudly and it felt like his semen spurted in jets inside Will until there was nothing left. The force of his climax nearly floored him; he slumped forward onto Will, who tiredly collapsed. They laid down together, with Hannibal on top of Will's back, still inside him.

After catching their breath, Hannibal kissed Will's shoulder, and he was rewarded with a soft laugh.

"That was fucking amazing." Will said, feeling awestruck.

"It really was. But it doesn't even come close to expressing my feelings for you, Will." Hannibal said; he couldn't seem to help baring his soul to this young man.

"Wow." Will said cutely, causing Hannibal to chuckle.

Hannibal slowly withdrew and laid down beside Will; Will gave him a shy glance.

"I made a mess of your sheets." Will said embarrassedly.

"I'm delighted," Hannibal said unexpectedly, "Why don't we sleep on the other side of the bed, instead of the middle?"

"Sounds good. It seems fitting to cross over to the other side now." Will said wittily, alluding to his new view of his sexuality.

Hannibal smirked and moved back, allowing Will to move closer. Will timidly snuggled against him, which was the sweetest feeling. Hannibal was elated; he kissed into Will's messy loose curls, then kissed his lips.

“aš tave myliu.” [I love you] Hannibal said very quietly.

Will looked up at him with his big blue eyes.

“What does that mean?” Will asked.

Hannibal just petted his head.

“I’ll tell you another time. Let’s get some sleep.” Hannibal said.

Will was curious about the foreign phrase, but he was tired and cozy against Hannibal, so he let it go.

“Okay.” Will said.

“Have sweet dreams.” Hannibal said.

“I think I will for a change. Sweet dreams, Hannibal.” Will said, smiling.

The End

Chapter End Notes

I was inspired by the song "Desire" by Meg Myers (warning, NSFW song): https://youtu.be/Agul5xTnqdY

It's been used before for some Hannigram videos on Youtube, and it's perfect!

Hope you enjoyed this fic! Thanks for reading!

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